

Kraftsmann's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1867.

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Select Poetry.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

There's music in the autumn wind,
Around the dripping eaves,
And where its pinions stop to play
Among the fallen leaves.
There's music in the river's flow
Along the pebbly shore,
When all the winds have gone to sleep,
And boughs have swayed no more.
There's music in the cricket's song,
I hear through evening shade,
And in the low of distant herds
Returning from the glade.
There's music in the household tones
That greet the sad or gay,
And in the laugh of innocence
Rejoicing in its play.
But there's music sweeter far
In memory than this—
The music of my mother's voice,
Now in the land of bliss.
A music time may never still,
I hear it in my dreams,
When all the fondness of her face
Once more upon me beams.
I know not what the angels hear
In mansion in the skies,
But there is not a sound on earth
Like mother's gentle voice.
The tears are in my clouded eye,
And sadness in my brain,
As nature whispers in my heart,
She will not come again.
A mother! oh, when she departs
Her like is never known;
The records of affection speak
Of only, only one.
And brighter will the record grow
Through all the changing years,
The other to the lips is pressed
The cup of sorrow's tear.

SIX LOVE LETTERS.

"Are there any more of these letters?"
When her father asked this question, in
an awful tone, Lucilla Richmond could not
say "No" and dared not say "Yes," but as
an intermediate course burst into tears, and
sobbed behind her handkerchief.
"Bring them to me, Lucilla," said her
father, as if she had answered him, as, in-
deed she had, and the girl, trembling and
weeping arose to obey him.
Then Mrs. Richmond, her daughter's very
sister, came behind her husband's
chair, and patted him on the shoulder.
"Please don't be so hard with her, my
dear," she said, coaxingly. "He's a nice
young man, and it is our fault after all
as much as hers, and you won't break her
young heart, I'm sure."
"Perhaps you approve of the whole affair,
ma'am," said Mr. Richmond.
"I—no—that is only"—gasped the lit-
tle woman; and, hearing Lucilla coming,
she sank into a chair, blaming herself dread-
fully for not having been present at all her
daughter's music lessons during the past
year.
For all this disturbance arose from a music
teacher who had given lessons to Miss
Lucilla for twelve months, and who had taken
the liberty of falling in love with her,
knowing well that she was the daughter of
one of the richest men in Yorkshire.
"It was inexcusable in a poor music teach-
er, who should have known his place," Mr.
Richmond declared, and he clutched the lit-
tle perfumed billet which had fallen into
his hands as he might a scorpion, and wait-
ed for the other with a look upon his face
which told of no softening. They came at
last, six little white envelopes, tied together
with blue ribbon, and were laid at his elbow
by his despairing daughter.
"Lock these up until I return home this
evening," he said to his wife. "I will read
them then. Meanwhile Lucilla is not to see
this music master on any pretence."
And then Miss Lucilla went down upon
her knees:
"Oh dear papa!" she cried, "dearest
papa please don't say I must never see him
again. I couldn't bear it. Indeed I could
not. He's poor I know, but he is a gentle-
man, and I—I like him so much, papa."
"No more of this absurdity, my dear,"
said Mr. Richmond. "He has been artful
enough to make you think him perfect, I
suppose. Your parents know what is
best for your happiness. A music teacher
is not a match for Miss Richmond."
With which remark Mr. Richmond put
on his hat and overcoat, and departed.
Then Lucilla and her mother took the op-
portunity of falling into each other's arms.
"It's naughty for you," said Mrs. Rich-
mond. "But, oh, dear, I can't blame you.
It was exactly so with me. I ran away with
your papa, you know, and my parents ob-
jected because of his poverty. I feel the
greatest sympathy for you, and Frederick
has such fine eyes, and is so pleasing. I
wish I could soften your papa."
"When he has seen the letters there'll be
no hope of my very much afraid," sobbed
Miss Lucilla. "Fred is so romantic, and
papa hates romance."
"He used to be very romantic himself in
those old times," said Mrs. Richmond.
"Such letters as he wrote me. I have them
in my desk yet. He said he should die if
I refused him."
"So does Fred," said Lucilla.
"And that life would be worthless with-
out me; and about my being beautiful (he
thought so, you know.) I'm sure he ought
to sympathize a little," said Mrs. Rich-
mond.
But she dare not promise that he would.
She coaxed her darling to stop crying,
and made her lie down; then went up into
her own room to put the letters into her
desk; and, as she placed them in one pi-
per-hole she saw in another a bundle
tied exactly as those were, and drew them out.
These letters were to a Lucilla, also. One
who had received them twenty years before
—and she was now a matron old enough to
have a daughter who had heard troubles—
unfolded them one by one, wondering how it
came to pass that lover's letters were all so
much alike.
Half a dozen—just the same number, and

much more romantic than those the music
master had written to her daughter Lucilla.
A strange idea came into Mrs. Richmond's
mind. She dared not oppose her husband;
by a look or a word she had never attempt-
ed such a thing.

But she was very fond of her daughter.
When she had left the desk she looked guilty
and frightened, and something in her
pockets rustled as she moved. But she
said nothing to any one on the subject until
the dinner hour arrived, and with it came
her husband, angrier and more determined
than ever. The meal was passed in silence;
then, having adjourned to the parlor, Mr.
Richmond seated himself in a great arm-
chair, and demanded:
"The letters," in a voice of thunder.

Mrs. Richmond put her hand in her
pocket and pulled it out again with a fright-
ened look.

Mr. Richmond again repeated, still more
sternly:
"Those absurd letters, if you please, my
dear ma'am."

And then the little woman faltered:
"—that is—I believe—yes, dear—I be-
lieve I have them," and gave him a white
pile of envelopes, circled with blue ribbon,
with a hand that trembled like an aspen
leaf.

As for Lucilla, she began to weep as
though the end of all things had come at
last, and felt sure that if papa should prove
cruel she should die.

"Six letters—six shameful pieces of de-
ception, Lucilla," said the indignant parent.
"I am shocked that a child of mine could
practice such duplicity. Hem! let me see.
Number one I believe. June, and this is
December. Half a year you have deceived
us then, Lucilla. Let me see—ah! 'From
the first moment he adored you,' eh? Non-
sense. People don't fall in love in that
manner. It takes years of acquaintance
and respect and attachment. 'With your
smiles for his goal, he would win both fame
and fortune, poor as he is!' Fiddlesticks,
Lucilla! A man who has common sense
would always wait until he had a fair
commencement, before he proposed to any girl.

"Praise of your beauty. 'The loveliest
creature he ever saw!' Exaggeration, my
dear. You are not plain, but such flattery
is absurd. 'Must hear from you or die?'
Dear, dear—how absurd!"

And Mr. Richmond dropped the first let-
ter, and took up another.

"The same stuff," he commented. "I
hope you don't believe a word he says. A
plain, earnest, upright sort of a man would
never go into such rhapsodies, I am sure.
Ah! now, in number three he calls you 'an
angel!' He is romantic, upon my word and
what is all this?"

"Those who would forbid me to see you
can find no fault with me but my poverty.
I am honest—I am earnest in my efforts.
I am by birth a gentleman, and I love you
for my soul. Do not let them sell you for
gold, Lucilla."

"Great heavens, what impertinence to
your parents!"

"I don't remember Fred's saying any-
thing of that kind," said poor Lucilla. "He
never knew you would object."
Mr. Richmond shook his head, frowned
and read on in silence until the last sheet
lay under his hand. Then, with an ejacula-
tion of rage, he started to his feet.

"Infamous!" he cried; "I'll go to him
this instant!—I'll horse-whip him!—I'll
murder him! As for you, by Jove, I'll send
you to a convent. Elope, elope, with a music
teacher. I am ashamed to call you my
daughter. Where's my hat?—Give me
my boots. Here, John call a cab?—I'm
gone!"

But here Lucilla caught one arm and Mrs.
Richmond the other.

"Oh, papa, are you crazy!" said Lucilla.
"Frederick never proposed such a thing.
Let me see the letter. Oh, papa, this is
not Fred's—upon my word it is not. Do
look, papa; it is dated twenty years back,
and Frederick's name is not Charles! Papa,
these are your love-letters to mamma, written
long ago. Her name is Lucilla, you know!"

Mr. Richmond sat down in his arm-chair
in silence, very red in the face.

"How did this occur?" he said sternly,
and little Mrs. Richmond, retreating into a
corner, with her handkerchief to her eyes,
sobbed:

"I did it on purpose!" and paused, as
though she expected a sudden judgment.
But, hearing nothing, she dared at last to
rise and creep up to her husband timidly.

"You know, Charles," she said. "It's so
long ago since, and I thought you might
not exactly remember—how you fell in love
with me at first sight, how papa and mamma
objected, and at last we ran away together;
and it seemed to me that if we could bring
it all back plainly to you as it was then, we
might let dear Lucilla marry the man she
likes, who is good, if he is not rich. I did
not need it to be brought back any plainer
myself; women have more time to remem-
ber, you know. And we've been very hap-
py, have we not?"

And certainly Mr. Richmond could not
deny that. So Lucilla, feeling that her in-
terests might safely be left in her mother's
keeping, slipped out of the room, and heard
the result of the little ruse next morning.
It was favorable to the young music teach-
er, who had really only been sentimental,
and had not gone so far as an elopement;
and in due course of time, the two were
married with all the pomp and grandeur
befitting the nuptials of a wealthy mer-
chant's daughter, with the perfect approba-
tion of Lucilla's father and to the great joy
of Lucilla's mamma, who justly believed that
her little ruse had brought about all her
daughter's happiness.

John Stoles, of Chicago, emigrated to
Omaha, and from thence farther west. A
letter containing money from him, found
his wife dead and his little children penni-
less, in a city, with none to care for them
but charitable citizens.

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CLEARFIELD, PA., OCT. 30, 1867.

Written for the "Kraftsmann's Journal."

The True End of Life.

The record of earth's illustrious is a great
highway, along which the faithful student
of history is permitted to walk, that he may
learn of a nobler destiny than that revealed
to him by his own dim vision. If he turn
from this bright view of life to the catalogue
of the grovelling, not even here can he find
one of his fellows so steeped in vice, as that
amid all the mass of corruption there will
not gleam forth some ray of light, indicative
of that native dignity of life, which places
man above the brute and renders him a be-
ing worthy the labors of humanity. These
truths, apart from any present reference to
divine revelation, are incontrovertible evi-
dences that man was designed for some noble end.
Gaze where you will, upon his labors, and
whether they be illustrious or obscure, they
are animated by that spirit which urges man
onward and illumines his pathway to im-
mortality. Whether the monument be the
embodiment of good or of evil deeds, to the
intelligent mind, its teachings are the same.
Though the waves of dark oblivion have
rolled over its authors, yet God speaks thro'
it to the children of men.

It matters not, whether you stand by the
death-bed of him who has sinfully watched
the hour-glass of time, until its wasting
sands have passed away, or revelled amid
the lurings of dissipation, until the dark
shades of death have gathered
around him, or whether you listen to the
ever-sounding echoes of struggle to attain the
true goal of his being, as he fades from your
view, the same great lesson is taught. With
such proofs of man's being the author of his
destiny, and with such varied and constant
examples, illustrating the result of every
course of action, how important is life, and
how carefully should all its steps be meas-
ured. These warnings and inspirations ever
through life's pathway; they tell us how of-
ten the glowing spark of man's pride flickers
to extinction, while eternal darkness
grooms him on the threshold of his future
state, or how above such a dread doom oth-
ers have risen who "will shine as the stars,
forever and ever."

Prompted by such teachings, man need
not sink to the dust, there to grovel away
his existence, but the hope of manhood may
go out and link itself to objects that are
above all earthly scenes, and yet, whose at-
tainment begins on earth. As the verdant
tree sheds its leaves, and thus fertilizes the
soil, from which it gathers the strength of
its life, that it may become more vigorous,
so man, would he become worthy the true
end of his being, must let his life be as a
tree, growing up amid the waste places of
earth, that it may send forth to the arid
soil of vassal humanity, the elixir of a
character formed by the most heroic labor,
and disciplined by the most ennobling sac-
rifices. For when he becomes the medium
through which is transmitted that magic
flame that transforms men's thoughts and
aspirations, and assimilates them to higher
purposes, and nobler aims, he will gather
from the scene of his labors an inspiration
that will fit him for still greater conquests.

To live, for the true end of our being, is
to cultivate the understanding, and direct
the mind, as that we may be enabled to look
directly through the sophisms of misguided
theorists and their intricate questions of
polity, right on to the great object of life.
For when a life has its struggle subdivided
among the many objects that so often solicit
its homage, it will, at the last, stand up as
some distorted image, bearing no distinct
outline, or as some ancient ruin whose tem-
ples and shrines are now commingled with
the dust of centuries. But when all the
native impulses of manhood are roused and
directed in the path of truth, though rug-
ged may be the course, though thick the
drapery of error may overhang it, and dim
may be the waymarks, yet the hope-inspired
soul will press on. New lights will illumine
its line of march. The rayless gloom of op-
pression will be dispersed, and with its mar-
shalled host of kindred spirits, the deathless
soul of man will rise to its native heaven.

The songs of chivalry have been chanted,
and the glory of military renown has had its
reign. Their memory is now fading. They
may live in the future, but it will be only as
beacons to mark the locality of destructive
waves, and engulfing whirlpools. They
have ceased to herald the notes that enchan-
tment humanity. No more will their shrines
be decorated with the laurels of enlightened
man. Their alluring power is fast being
destroyed by the onward march of truth.
Through the gloom of the past, there may
be seen monuments that will stand forever.
They are the record of lives to whom mili-
tary renown or political fame has not
been the aim of their labors, or the end of their
being. They are the memory of men who
have broken through the trammels that
bound them to the idols of earth—have
burst the shackles that fettered their sub-
lime impulses, and spurning the blandish-
ments of their fellows, have given a glorious
example for the emulation of incoming
generations. So that, even in this limited sphere
of human action, men rise or sink to a level
corresponding to the character of their lives.
How much greater then, will be the distinc-
tion between the final sphere of one who
has made some ephemeral fame the object
of his life, and him who has soared beyond
the confines of time, and thought no object
worthy his highest labor, save the author of
his being, and the fountain of his bliss.
Such a life alone is a true one. It alone is
enshrined in that sacred lustre, which bright-
ens the ties between earth and heaven, and
leads the faithful on to a realization of the
high destiny for which they were made.
They, who have thus lived, can leave their

memories embalmed in the hearts of their
fellow-men, wear the robes of vernal light,
and receive the crown of the world's true
conqueror.

His truest life, his noblest end,
Should be to guard with anxious care,
Lest man against his God offend,
And reap the darkness of despair.

Bright as the dewdrop on the flower,
Radiant as the sunbeams' morning light,
Sacred as childhood's joyous, blissful hour,
Is the soul that seeks to live aright.
LYCURGUS.

A WESTERN WONDER.—A western cor-
respondent, who writes from Topeka, Kan-
sas, describes the great salt plains on the
route of a proposed railroad, from that place,
as follows: "On a direct line southwest from
Topeka, about 219 miles, you strike the great
wonder of the West, the Salt Plains. These
plains are 100 miles in length by 40 miles in
breadth, and are one of the curiosities of
the age. Traversing them you will occupy
at least twelve hours ordinary riding over a
level plain completely covered with salt in
the form of a crust, varying from one to
two inches thick, as white as this sheet of
paper before touched with ink, and of suffi-
cient strength to bear up, without breaking
or crumbling, an ordinary wagon load. Un-
derneath this crust, a little below the surface,
there is a strata of solid rock salt, only ac-
cessible by quarrying, producing the finest
specimens of crystallized salt I ever saw. The
supply is perfectly inexhaustible. The
Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad will
cross these salt fields very nearly through
their centre, and thus give the road every
alternative section in a distance of upwards
of 40 miles. The Indians here get their
supply of salt, and the government has fre-
quently sent trains there to get salt supplies.
A railroad over them would supply the world
with an article of salt not surpassed in qual-
ity by any the world ever produced, and I
need not say to what extent it would afford
business for a railroad, for that any rea-
sonable man can judge sufficiently."

A SHREWD WAY OF CATCHING THIEVES.
—The Paris papers reveal a new style of theft
by which jewelers are losers. The thief en-
ters the shop of a dealer in diamonds and
asks to see some small unset stones. He is
well dressed and wears colored spectacles.
The stones are laid before him, spread on
paper. Being very near sighted as his spec-
tacles prove, he is obliged to bring his eyes
so near to the gems that he can pick them up
with the tip of his tongue, and he keeps
them in his mouth until out of the shop. If
he fails detection, which seldom occurs, he
swallows his treasure—whence the slang
name of "Swallow it raw," given to this
class by the thieves' fraternity. One of
them was caught the other day. The di-
mond merchant, put upon his guard, said
he had no small stones, but would have a
large supply the next day. A policeman
was in waiting; the diamonds were laid out
upon paper previously impregnated with an
extremely bitter drug, which, when the thief
put his tongue to them, acted so violently
on his sense of taste that he instantly re-
jected what he had just taken. The police-
man appeared and the thief was taken in
the act.

AN ICE CAVE.—Nearly all the ice used
on the Pacific coast is obtained from a never-
failing ice cave in the Northern part of
Oregon. This remarkable subterranean cavern,
where the ice remains in a perfect state
the year round, is situated on a stream known
as the White Salmon, which empties into
the Columbia river, on the Washington Ter-
ritory side, about thirty miles below the
Dalles. The entrance to this icy chamber is
near the base of Mount Adams, which
stands twenty miles from the Columbia, and
whose melting snow constitute the waters of
the White Salmon. The dimensions of this
cave are vast, extending many miles under
the snowy mountain, and the scenery inside
is supremely grand. The ice is found in col-
umns formed by water falling from above
and congealing as it falls. These columns
are cut out in blocks and conveyed on pack
animals to the Columbia river, and from
thence are shipped to all the markets on the
coast.

The British Consul at Fernando Po writes
to Dr. Hooker, of the Royal Society. "It
may interest you to hear that the Cameroons
Mountain is again in a state of active erup-
tion. On the night of October 15th the lava
seemed to rush with tremendous force out
of the east side a few hundred feet from the
top, then pour over in a grand cataract of
fire and flow off east-southeast in a crooked
fiery stream down the mountain side. The
molten lava poured out from sunset, when
it was first seen, till after midnight, increas-
ing in volume. Clouds obscured the moun-
tain next morning, but it has been seen
burning thrice since. It is apparently quiet
now. There was no thunder for several
days preceding, but we had a gale of wind
from the east-northeast—an unusual direc-
tion—coming an hour before sunset on the
14th inst, a tornado, in fact, without thun-
der or rain, except a few drops."

AN OLD MIRACLE REPEATED.—"A mi-
racle was current yesterday," says the *Italia*
of Naples, of September 19, "that St. Janu-
arius would not this year perform his ac-
customed miracle, in consequence of the
heretics and excommunicated persons who
are at the present moment forming impious
plots against the Holy Father. The saint
would not, however, inflict such an affront
on his native city for the few hair-brained
men who are now committing Heaven knows
what sacrilege. This morning, indeed, St.
Januarius rose earlier than usual, and at
half-past nine the blessed blood was in a
state of liquefaction in the miraculous vial.
A cannon shot announced to the twelve
quarters of Naples that St. Januarius had
performed the miracle promptly, which means
that all the graces of the Lord will be pour-
ed down on Naples."

Getting Even.

A few days since, a scene occurred in the
Railroad Hotel, at —, which was exceed-
ingly ridiculous, and excited the mirth of
the whole city.

Mr. Reynolds, the showman, had just
landed with a large collection of wild ani-
mals, among which were bears, lions and
monkeys—rare birds and huge anacondas.
He went to the hotel, secured a room, and
took his snakes with him in a large trunk.
The first night or two he did very well,
having no one with him in the room. Soon,
however, another person was sent to his
room at a late hour of the night. He, the
new comer, pulled off his clothes, lit a cigar,
placed a candle by his bedside and commen-
ced reading his book.

Mr. Reynolds, being much fatigued, re-
quested the stranger politely to put out the
candle and allow him to sleep.

The stranger objects, and says that he has
hired half the room and his bed, and has
the right to burn his candle just as long as
he pleases.

Mr. Reynolds turns over and tries to woo
the sleepy god, but all in vain. No sleep
nor slumber would visit his restless couch.
So, in a fit of desperation, he jumps up and
addresses his room mate thus:

"I say, stranger, if you have a right to
burn a candle in this room all night, I have
a right to bring in my boy."

The imperturbable stranger—looked over his
book at him and simply said:
"You can bring in your boy, and your gal
too, if you like," and went on reading.

Mr. Reynolds seized his pantaloons, jerk-
ing out of his pocket a key and proceeded to
unlock his huge trunk. He took therefrom
his enormous spotted snake, approached
the bed of the stranger, and said:
"Permit me to introduce to you my boy,"
(bo-a,) at the same time presenting the dis-
tended mouth of the monster close to the
affrighted man's face.

The stranger gave one look of awful hor-
ror—his face became as pale as death—his
book fell from his hand, he overturned his
table, candle, and all; gave one leap from
his bed and in *puris naturalibus*, he ran
down stairs, out in the street, and yelled for
the police. What became of him afterwards
was never known.

While Rev. S. Ballard was delivering a
temperance lecture in Grand Haven, Mich.,
the other night, and was depicting in his
graphic style the condition of *delirium tremens*,
in the "rum mania," an old lady be-
came so influenced by her imagination,
wrought upon by the orator, that when he
was describing the sensation of the reptiles
crawling up from below, she arose from her
seat, walked up to the table, and looked over
for the purpose of seeing the snakes. This
completely upset the gravity of the meeting,
and it was some time before the speaker
could go on.

Referring to the statement that Mrs. Lin-
coln "has consented" to have a subscription
opened for her benefit, the *Chicago Republi-
can* says it is "the most shameful and humili-
ating" phase of the whole business, and
adds: "If this report be correct, it serves
still further to confirm what has long been
the conviction of those most intimate with
her, that she is a confirmed monomaniac.
The papers which gloat over this unfortu-
nate mental condition of Mrs. Lincoln are
hopelessly lost to all self-respect and regard
for the good name of this country."

In Missouri, during the war, a loyal stage
driver persisted in driving his route. His
friends, fearing for his life, tried to frighten
him. His horses were near a grave yard.
One man played ghost, when he went, at
midnight, to get them. The ghost stalked
solemnly across his path, all in white, say-
ing, "beware!" "Whoa, January," said
Jehu, delivering a lusty kick on the side of
the spook. "Wot yer doin' out here this time
o' night? Git back in yer hole!"

On election day a fight occurred in Little
Lake, Mendocino county, Idaho, between
two families named respectively Coats and
Frost. Five of the Coats' were killed and
three dangerously wounded. Two of the
Frosts lost their lives. An old feud said to
have existed between the families was pretty
effectually wiped out by this vendetta.

A merchant of Richmond attempted to
cure himself of chronic rheumatism by an
outward application of wet tobacco. Per-
mitting the poultice to remain on too long
the tobacco oozed into his blood and poison-
ed him. His life was, for a time, despaired
of, but good treatment soon restored him to
ordinary health.

A conspiracy was discovered in the New
York tombs by which the prisoners expected
to escape by murdering the Warden and his
deputies, and forcing their way out. It was
discovered two hours before the time set for
carrying it into execution. The leaders have
been consigned to the inner cells.

A Western Democratic paper says the
Democratic vote in Ohio would have been
increased by ten thousand if Vallandigham
had remained at home and kept his lips
sealed. The State Committee did try to
suppress him, but the Democratic masses
would have him on the stump.

"I saw a lady wrapped up in a shawl that
she would not take six hundred dollars for,"
said Smith to Jones. "I can beat that all
hollow," retorted Jones, "for I saw a lady
that was so wrapped up in her baby that she
wouldn't have taken six hundred thousand
dollars for it."

A young Englishman of wealth and cul-
ture recently fell in love with a squaw, in
Omaha, Kansas, and married her. The next
day she got drunk and turned somersaults
in the street. Johannes Taurus is at a loss
to know what to do under the circumstances.

Business Directory.

WALTER BARRETT, Attorney at Law, Clear-
field, Pa. May 13, 1863.
DR. A. M. HILLS, DENTIST.—Office, corner of
Front and Market streets, opposite the Clear-
field House, Clearfield, Pa. July 1, 1867-1y.
ED. W. GRAHAM, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Groce-
ries, Hardware, Queensware, Woodensware,
Provisions, etc., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
NIVLING & SHOWERS, Dealers in Dry-Goods
Ladies' Fancy Goods, Hats and Caps, Boots,
Shoes, etc., Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. sep23
MERRELL & BIGLER, Dealers in Hardware
and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-iron
ware, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. June 1866.
H. F. NAUGLE, Watch and Clock Maker, and
dealer in Watches, Jewelry, &c. Room in
Graham's row, Market street. Nov. 10.
H. BUCHER SWOOP, Attorney at Law, Clear-
field, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, four doors
west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 10.
I. TEST, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa., will
attend promptly to all legal business entrusted
to his care in Clearfield and adjoining coun-
ties. Office on Market street. July 17, 1867.
THOMAS H. FORCAY, Dealer in Square and
Sawed Lumber, Dry-Goods, Queensware, Groce-
ries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c., &c., Grah-
man, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct. 10.
J. P. KRATZER, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Clothing,
&c., Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provi-
sions, etc., Market Street, nearly opposite the
Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June, 1865.
HARTSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs,
Medicines, Patents, Oil, Stationery, Perfumery,
Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., etc., Market street,
Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 8, 1865.
KRATZER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods,
Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groce-
ries, Provisions, &c., Front Street, (above the A-
cademy,) Clearfield, Pa. Dec 27, 1865.
JOHN GUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of
Cabinet-ware, Market street, Clearfield, Pa.
He also makes to order Coffins, on short notice,
and attends funerals with a hearse. April 29, 1867.
THOMAS J. M'ULLOUGH, Attorney at Law,
Clearfield, Pa. Office, east of the "Clearfield
Bank. Deeds and other legal instruments pre-
pared with promptness and accuracy. July 3.
J. B. M'ENALTY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield,
Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining
counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton,
on 2d street, one door south of Lanich's Hotel.
RICHARD MOSSOP, Dealer in Foreign and Do-
mestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon,
Liquors, &c. Room on Market street, a few doors
west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. Apr 27.
DENTISTRY.—J. P. CORNETT, Dentist, offers
his professional services to the citizens of
Clearfield and vicinity. Office in Drug Store,
corner Main and Thompson Sts. May 2, 1866.
B. READ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon,
having removed to George J. Kyle's doc-
tor, near William's Gro. & Pa. offers his professional
services to the citizens of the surrounding country.
July 16, 1867.
FRANK BARRETT, Conveyancer and Real
Estate Agent, Clearfield, Pa. Office on Sec-
ond Street, with Walter Barrett, Esq. Agent for
Plantation and Gold Territory in South Carolina.
Clearfield July 10, 1867.
FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of
all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Or-
ders solicited—wholesale or retail. He also keeps
on hand and for sale an assortment of earthen-
ware, of his own manufacture. Jan. 1, 1865.
JOHN H. PULFORD, Attorney at Law, Clear-
field, Pa. Office with J. B. McKenally, Esq.,
over First National Bank. Prompt attention given
to the securing of Bounty claims, &c., and to
all legal business. March 27, 1867.
J. BLAKE WALTERS, Scrivener and Convey-
ancer, and Agent for the purchase and sale
of Land, Clearfield, Pa. Offers his professional
services to all business connected with the county offices.
Office with W. A. Wallace. Jan. 3.
G. ALBERT & BROS., Dealers in Dry Goods,
Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Bacon,
etc., Woodland, Clearfield county Pa. Also,
extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed lumber
shingles, and square timber. Orders solicited.
Woodland, Pa., Aug. 19th, 1865.
WALLACE, BIGLER & FIELDING, Attor-
neys at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Legal business
of all kinds promptly and respectfully attended to.
Clearfield, Pa., May 16th, 1866.
WILLIAM A. WALLACE, WILLIAM D. BIGLER,
J. BLAKE WALTERS, FRANK FIELDING.
DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD—Late Surgeon of the
83d Reg't Penn'a Vols., having returned
from the army, offers his professional services to
the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Profes-
sional calls promptly attended to. Office on
South-East corner of 3d and Market Streets.
Oct. 4, 1865—5mp.
FURNITURE ROOMS.
JOHN GUELICH,
Desires to inform his old friends and customers
that, having enlarged his shop and increased his
facilities for manufacturing, he is now prepared
to make to order such furniture as may be de-
sired, in good style and at cheap rates for cash.
He has on hand at his "Furniture Rooms," a
varied assortment of furniture, among which is,
BUREAUS AND SIDEBORDS,
Wardrobes and Book-cases; Centre, Sofa, Parlor,
Breakfast and Dining extension Tables.
Common, French-posts, Cottage, Jen-
ny-Lind and other Bedsteads.
SOFAS OF ALL KINDS, WORK-STANDS, HAT
RACKS, WASH-STANDS, &c.
Spring-seat, Cane-bottom, and Parlor Chairs;
And common and other Chairs.
LOOKING-GLASSES
Of every description on hand, and new glasses for
old frames, which will be put in on very
reasonable terms, on short notice.
He also keeps on hand or furnishes to order, Hair,
Corn-brush, Hair and Cotton top Mattresses.
COFFINS, OF EVERY KIND,
Made to order, and funerals attended with a
Hearse, whenever desirable.
Also, House painting done to order.
The above, and many other articles are furnished
to customers cheap for cash or exchanged for ap-
proved country produce. Cherry, Maple, Poplar,
Pine-wood and other Lumber suitable for the busi-
ness, taken in exchange for furniture.
Remember the shop is on Market street, Clear-
field, and nearly opposite the "Old Jew Store."
December 4, 1861. JOHN GUELICH.